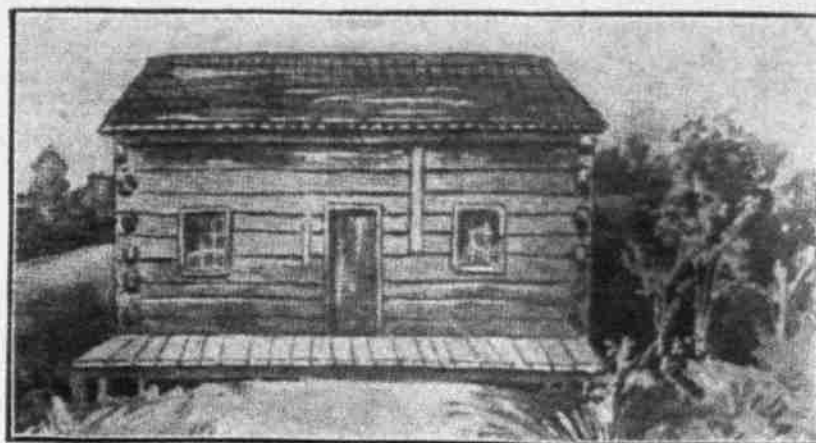




BIRTH PLACE KENTUCKY 1809.

And so he came,
From prairie cabin up to Capitol.
One fair ideal led our chieftain on,
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.



INDIANA HOME, 1817

Near Gentryville

He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wresting the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridge-pole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and altered not at praise,

Abraham Lincoln's own mother died when he was not quite ten years old.
Of her he said, "I owe all that I am or hope to be to my sainted mother."

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Lincoln and Other Poems, Edwin Markham



ILLINOIS HOME, 1830

Near Decatur